UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Our Day of Independence

By SYDNEY STRONG

Tolstoy—A Play in Seven Scenes
Scene III

By HENRY BAILEY STEVENS

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapters XLI and XLII

By M. K. GANDHI

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A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CI MONDAY, JULY 2, 1928 NUMBER 18

"HE THAT LOSETH HIS LIFE"

The hardest lesson that we have to learn is that a nation which would fulfil the perfect law of Christ may have to give its life for its testimony. For many years the thought has pressed upon me that, if England is to fulfil her noblest destiny, she may be called to be a sacrificial nation; and I have had the dream that the sacrifice might be in the cause of peace. If England, in the plenitude of her power, should lay down every weapon of a carnal warfare, disband her armies, call her fleets from the seas, throw open her ports, and trust for her continued existence only to the service she could render to the world and the testimony she would bear to Christ, what would happen?

I know not. . . . It might be that Christ . . . would declare that the purpose of such a sacrifice would be sufficient, that the example would be enough, and that the nation would continue to be, living and strong in the gratitude of all peoples.

But if otherwise, what then? Such a martyrdom would quicken the conscience of the world. . . . And of one thing I am sure—so long as the vision of a nation martyred for Christ's sake appears absurd and impossible, there will never be a Christian nation. This also, I believe, that until our advocates of peace apprehend that such a martyrdom may be within the counsel of God, their advocacy will lack its final inspiration and its victorious appeal.

—*Alexander Mackennal.*

Beginning with this issue (July 2nd), UNITY goes on its regular summer schedule of "every other week." During July, August and September, in other words, our paper will appear once in every two weeks instead of once a week. This is the vacation we give our editors—and also our readers, who we find welcome relaxation at this season of the year. Our bi-weekly issues in these next three months, frequently enlarged in size, promise to be unusually attractive and important with editorial comment on the presidential election, the serial publication of Henry Bailey Stevens's remarkable Tolstoy drama, the special Tolstoy Centennial Anniversary number on September 10th, and the Gandhi autobiography and other features. Regular weekly issues will be resumed on October 1st next.

So it's Hoover versus Smith! Mr. Hoover was nominated by the Republicans a few days before these lines were written and, unless all signs fail, Governor Smith will be nominated by the Democrats a few days after. This is all in accordance with the prophecies, and leaves us utterly unexcited and unconcerned. The campaign promises, to be sure, to be the most bitter and fiercely fought since the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884, but all the hard feeling will be expended upon matters of complete and perfect unimportance. In everything vital to the permanent welfare of the country the two candidates, as well as the parties which they represent, are as alike as Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Our fundamental national problem today, of course, is the politico-economic problem of the relation between business and government. In its ultimate aspects, this problem involves the whole gigantic issue of Capitalism and Socialism. In its more immediate aspects, it involves the pressing issue of the control of government by big business to the end of the exploitation of the people for private profit. The most notorious instance of this control that the country has ever seen, with all its attendant corruption and dishonor, came in the Harding-Coolidge administrations. Herbert Hoover was a member of these administrations, and is now their pious heir. No hope in him for relief! But is there any hope in "Al" Smith? The New York *World,* a liberal journal and a Smith organ, gave the whole situation away in a moment of incredible forgetfulness when it said, à propos the pre-convention opposition to Mr. Hoover:

> In a month the politicians and business men who dreaded Herbert Hoover will be proclaiming him the savior of prosperity. In six months, if Gov. Smith should be elected, *they will be getting along quite well with Gov. Smith.*

In all domestic matters, in everything having to do with the life of the American people among themselves, there isn't a hair's breadth difference between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith. Elect either one, and the political and industrial affairs of the nation will remain unaltered. Such element of choice as exists can be found only in the field of foreign affairs. And here the difference is considerable! Governor Smith, for example, is an ignoramus on any question reaching beyond the bounds of New York State. As for questions reaching into Europe and Asia, the amiable "Al" is as innocent as a babe unborn. It is notorious that he has no opinions on international problems; it should be obvious that he has no opinions because he has no knowledge. Herbert Hoover, *per contra,* is one of the best informed and most experienced interna-

tionalists in this country today. Indeed, it has been held against him as a fault that, because of his many years of residence and labor in Asia and Europe, he is more of a foreigner than he is an American! Some of his opinions on international questions we think deplorable, but we know of few men better entitled to hold such opinions, or more competent to handle the policies which they involve. More important here, however, than candidates, is the great overshadowing project of the Outlawry of War. In national and international affairs alike, this project is now central. It is to the everlasting glory of the Republican Party that it is leading in this abolition of war today as it led in the abolition of slavery yesterday. *Mr. Hoover, as the successor of President Coolidge, must adopt Outlawry as his major policy in international affairs.* The clean-cut declaration of the Republican Party binds him to it. The conscience of the nation demands it. Here the Democrats have nothing to offer in competition.

The Republican platform contains the usual proportion of "bunk"—a particularly generous proportion this year, it seems to us. The statement that the Party "stands for honesty in Government" is a priceless piece of "hokum," in view of the record. Certain planks in the platform we enthusiastically denounce, as, for example, the familiar eulogy of the tariff, and the empty talk about national defense. But everything of this kind is easily and joyfully forgiven in view of four planks which raise the Republican declaration of principles to a high plane of enlightenment. The first of these planks is the one which repudiates the idea of the cancellation of foreign debts and holds "that obligations justly incurred should be honorably discharged." This is sound statesmanship and sound morals. A second plank is that which calls upon Congress to "enact at the earliest possible date a Federal anti-lynching law." Thirdly, there is the Prohibition plank, written by Senator Borah, which binds the party unqualifiedly to the suppost of the Eighteenth Amendment. This pledge, combined with Mr. Hoover's earlier declaration in favor of "the efficient, vigorous and sincere enforcement of the laws enacted under" this Amendment, would indicate that the Republicans are definitely committed to the "dry" cause, and that in the next administration (if Mr. Hoover wins!), we shall see some real Prohibition. Lastly, and most important, there is the Outlawry of War plank. For the sake of the record, and in expression of our jubilation, we print this plank in full:

> We approve the foreign policies of the Administration of President Coolidge. We believe they express the will of the American people in working actively to building up cordial international understanding that will make world peace a permanent reality. We endorse the proposal of the Secretary of State for a multilateral treaty proposed to the principal powers of the world, to be open to the signatures of all nations, to renounce war as an instrument of national policy and declaring in favor of pacific settlement of international disputes, the first step in outlawing war. The idea has stirred the conscience of mankind and gained widespread approval, both of Governments and of the people, and the conclusion of the treaty will be acclaimed as the greatest single step in history toward the conservation of peace.

These are wise and brave principles. We feel tempted to say to the party adjourned at Kansas City—Almost thou persuadest us to be a Republican!

As we read the swarming accounts of the commencement exercises at our schools and colleges this past month, we found ourselves speculating as to what men in public life we would have designated for honorary degrees had we been a college president. It is hard to make distinction between the many men whom we would delight to honor, and it is frequently dangerous to do so, but we would here set down a few names which it seems to us should appear upon any golden list of the year 1928. First of all, a degree to SECRETARY OF STATE KELLOGG, for his courageous and triumphant diplomatic negotiations on behalf of the Outlawry of War, which have opened a new era in the history of war and peace. Secondly, a degree to SALMON O. LEVINSON, the inspired creator and tireless advocate of the Outlawry idea. Next, a degree to CALVIN COOLIDGE, for his fidelity in the face of unparalleled temptation to the two-term tradition of the Presidency, a priceless service to the American republic. A degree to WILLIAM THOMPSON, Boston lawyer, attorney for Sacco and Vanzetti at incalculable cost to his personal life and professional reputation. A degree to HARRY F. WARD, heroic chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union, which single-handed, in the ten years since the War, has fought the good fight for the liberties of the citizen in this country. A degree to OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, in grateful recognition of his ten years of matchless service as Editor of the *Nation*. A degree to THORNTON WILDER, author of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," for a true and beautiful work of literature. And a degree to WILL ROGERS, for his success in creating and sustaining with wit and wisdom the role of "court jester" in a democracy.

The second rejection of the revised Prayer Book by the English House of Commons, registered on June 14th last, is final. An adverse majority larger than that recorded on the first vote shows that England is still Protestant and therefore does not propose to have its national church take any further steps toward Rome. This situation has various angles of significance. First of all, there is the revelation of the

essential weakness of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Davidson is a gentle, sweet, pious Christian gentleman, but as an administrator he has no initiative, no courage, no character. Always ready to compromise, he drifts with every tide, and thus on this Prayer Book issue has let the Church fall into hopeless confusion. Strong leadership would have saved the Church and the nation from the disaster which now impends, but Canterbury has no more strength than "a reed shaken in the wind." And what is here said about the Archbishop may well be said in general about the bishops, who have squabbled among themselves instead of uniting in steadfast fidelity to the Reformation and its works. Again, this Prayer Book affair reveals the hopeless breach in the Established Church. High and Low churchmen are set more rigidly against one another than Catholics and Protestants. It would seem to be impossible that the ranks can much longer hold together. Lastly, there is the whole question of the Establishment itself. There is something essentially ridiculous in a church being obliged to come to a strictly political body like the House of Commons for sanction of its action in spiritual matters. There was reason in Premier Baldwin's plea that the Church be left free to settle its own affairs. But if the Church is thus to be left free, it cannot of course expect financial support from the national exchequer. Here is the real nub of the situation—disestablishment! England is medieval in clinging to the union of church and state. It is time this were ended. The Prayer Book controversy may be the unhappy means to this happy end.

For the methods used by Mrs. Pankhurst (dead on June 13th last) in her great battle in England for equal suffrage, we never had the slightest sympathy. But for this woman's logic, as well as for her matchless courage, we had profoundest admiration. We remember the one time we heard her speak—a great occasion at Carnegie Hall in New York. Here stood this frail, quiet, earnest woman, pleading before her great audience of highly respectable men and women the cause of violence. She pointed out that violence always had been used for the attainment of great ends of social liberation, and when successful had invariably been sanctified by the blessing of history. Why, then, should she be blamed for using for the political emancipation of women exactly the same weapons that had been used for centuries for the political emancipation of men? She retold the story of the American Revolution; recited the celebrated deeds of the forefathers in casting the tea into Boston harbor, burning the "Gaspée" off the Rhode Island shore, and resisting the soldiers of the king. Who were we Americans, that we should criticize her for doing today only what the winners of American independence had done yesterday? There was no answer to this plea, just as there has never been any answer to Mrs. Pankhurst's more elaborate plea in the pages of her autobiography. No answer, that is, from a world which believes in violence, uses violence, and sanctifies violence! The only people who had a right to condemn her methods, and the ability to meet her logic, were the Non-Resistants. Mrs. Pankhurst, like John Brown, met the world on its own low level of brute force. In this struggle of blow and blood, Mrs. Pankhurst, like John Brown, proved herself a hero and a martyr.

Our Day of Independence

A Quiz for the President

The Fourth of July is the day when we celebrate our freedom. Naturally, it is the one day of the year when citizens have a kind of Halloween privilege to blow off, to show their muscle. The neighbors are good-natured and smile as they do when husbands and wives celebrate wedding anniversaries, and declare that marriages are planned in heaven.

This editor-citizen proposes to celebrate the day by leveling a few questions at the President, be he President Coolidge, in absentia, or the prospective President Hoover, Smith, Thomas or Foster. It is true that the President is more responsible for the welfare of the country and world than is generally admitted, and that he should be, at least once a year, openly and frankly quizzed—asked, why this is so and so, and not SO and SO. If Senator Borah has the right to quiz prospective candidates—surely, the citizens their President.

Do you believe in our Declaration of Independence? Do you "hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." Also, Governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." There are other things to be mentioned—and quite important too —but these are enough to believe for one day.

You are asked to cast your eyes across the Pacific and note what America and Britain are doing in China, where people, whom the Creator made our "equal," are struggling for independence as we struggled for independence in 1776? Do you believe our Declaration to the world—made at that time? Have you not some

way of communicating to the Chinese that we Americans are with them?*

We do not wish to harass you on our Birthday, but don't you feel uneasy about our connections with Nicaragua? Of course, you have noted that Clifford D. Ham, Collector General of Customs for 16 years in Nicaragua, has just resigned, and is coming home. He reports that the war down there has cost $20,000,000. He estimates the loss of life at 1,500 to 2,000. Seems to us that someone has badly bungled. Wouldn't it be good for the soul to admit it, and beg political pardon of the widows and orphans? And, please read paragraph 2 of the Declaration over again, about "all men."

On June 9th, the steamer "Minnekahda" sailed away for Europe. Just before sailing there was a bit of confusion in arranging the passengers, due, said the agent on the pier, to a Negro, who had booked by mail, and "you know we do not take Negroes." The writer began to wonder, How do the Negroes get over? This was a tourist, third class, all one class. Can't you do something about this, Mr. President? A word from you, quoting the second paragraph of the Declaration, would work the charm. . . .

Some 1,200 English Congregationalists were dined in Hotel Astor on the right before the sailing of this steamer. Greetings were read from the King of England, and, while read, all of us stood up—as Presbyterians stand to God. Then a message from our President was read, and again we all stood—this rubber stamp among them. Now, Mr. President, when did this bit of patriotic ritualism begin? This is a democracy. The Quaker who declined to remove his hat in the presence of the pope was a pure democrat. (This precedent is commended to Mr. Hoover.) A word from you, Mr. President, would cure the people from idolatry. God is watching. God is democratic.

Another thing suggested by the 1,200 English people. They called themselves "The Twentieth Century Mayflower"—they spent 5 days in our country—they came on a mission of good-will—it was in memory of the "Pilgrims"—and do you know, Mr. President, they were charged $10 apiece for a visa? In other words, this company of Pilgrims paid us $12,000 for making us a memorial visit. What a shame! That was $2,000 more than they distributed as tips to the boat's staff—both ways! Don't you know, Mr. President, that our visa charges are regarded the world over as outrageous. Say a word. Who favors it besides the gilt-corded officials? This was all unnecessary before the war. What has happened?

Let us ask another question: Why does a man of your preferred taste—being a Puritan—let the military men, the fuss-and-feathers crowd, surround you with guards and lackeys and detectives, thus increasing the annoyance and hazard of your life. If Governor Smith should be elected, we trust that he will have as much sense in this respect as now as Governor. And, should Herbert Hoover be chosen, may he introduce trué Quaker simplicity. The Spirit may be trusted to guard him in better style and efficiency than buttons and braid. . . . And it is the preservation of the democracy of the Declaration that we have in mind!

Here are some more questions:

Our President at this moment is in the State of Wisconsin, close to the border of Canada. He does not seem to be afraid that some braves of the La Follette tribe will capture him, nor some border Canadians will rush over and carry him into captivity for a ransom. The fact is that he is living near the most interesting peace fact in the world—the border line between Canada and the United States—3,000 miles and more of "undefended boundary." He could be in no safer place on earth. Now, Mr. President, let your mind travel southward to the Mexican line. There we maintain soldiers and military bases. Isn't it time to quit that archaic nonsense and crime? Have you the faintest idea that Mexico would ever think of invading us? Cannot a few airplanes located at Denver do all the policing for our territory to the south and west? Before you leave office, why not establish a "Canadian" boundary to the south between us and Mexico? UNITY will urge that it be called forever the Coolidge Line. Finest monument possible!

Now, we would like to have you put on your glasses and look eastward. What about the boundary between us and Britain? A reputable writer says that Britain has a strong military base at Halifax, ditto at the Bermudas, ditto in the West Indies, ditto at Jamaica, the latter threatening to the Panama Canal. Is this so? You will know. If so, we wish that some day you would lean over the fence and call Brother John over, and say that it doesn't look very peaceful like. Suggest that these either be dismantled or be mutually provisioned. Britain has no enemy in Greenland and there is no danger of Canada rebelling! While talking of outlawing war, it would add great emphasis to the argument if a few strongholds were dismantled! . . . Then, let your eyes travel westward to Hawaii. What is that mighty fortress for? The logic of Hawaii leads to a stronghold in the Philippines, like Britain's Malta, and Cyprus and Singapore. Do you intend to lead America into the foolish ambition of imperialism? But, talk to Brother John about Halifax and the Bermudas—and, maybe, something would come out of it, and you two would begin a crusade of dismantling that would be infectious—until the nations would agree that it would require only 10,000 airplanes to police the whole world—and armies and ironclads could be dispensed with.

This editor says plainly to America and Britain: *This is God's time for you to disarm!* It will never

*Do you know that Sun Yat Sen was a disciple of Abraham Lincoln?

come again. Listen, Anglo-Saxon! You now own three-fourths of the earth's surface; practically all the sea; the supremacy of the air is still in dispute! If you are wise—perhaps too much to ask—you will go in for disarmament. It is for the interest of the Anglo-Saxon to work for the *status quo* (the British see this and are bending every muscle for its attainment. The American is not so wise.) The terrible trouble is that men still think that the *status quo* can be kept by force. That is the sure way to destroy it. With a prayer for the power of Amos and Isaiah, this editor would declare that both America and Britain—beloved lands—are doomed, if they do not speedily make war an outlaw—not in mere sentiment, but in fact—and this means dismantling the forts and ships of the world. It means outlawing the makers of law, the promoters of war.

America and Britain—the Fourth of July is the day when one became a daughter; the other, a mother. The course of history was much changed by that event. There ought to be more family conferences between you two! Both have done evil. Are you capable of repentance? Full understanding and unity of purpose are desirable and should be sought. It ought to be clearly understood, however, that unity of effort for the putting down of others will be no gain for humanity. Unity for peace throughout the world—peace with France, Italy, Russia, Turkey—peace, not domination, with the weaker peoples of earth. That will be worth while—nothing else!

You must both disarm—or you are doomed! You are sure to come into conflict in trade, in territory, in policies—if you are armed, you are sure, some time, to fight, and then destruction cometh. One nation gets a monopoly—on rubber, on oil, on cotton, on transportation, on transmission of intelligence—there is friction, then anger, then the hell of war. So, disarm! For example, America can't telephone to Berlin or Paris, without London's permission. The recently opened Radio Beam with Canada and Australia suggests that Americans must radio with Australia through Canada. All newspapers know that the most of the cables of the world are in the control of the British, and it is abused control of privilege that leads to the most of wars. . . . So, we say to you, Mr. President, have frequent over-the-fence talks with your neighbors, especially with Brother John—be as generous and unmonopolistic as possible—and above all try to get the world on a disarmament basis. And, let us whisper to you, that those who will profit the most by disarmament will be the Americans and British—for the maintenance of the *status quo* will be their salvation from impending doom!

It is high time that all forget and forgive; and rise to the common task of rooting out the causes of war. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," etc. This is the day for disarmament; not for talk, but for action. Tomorrow will see another chaos!

SYDNEY STRONG.

Jottings

The women who sit in the great political conventions are certainly amiable ladies. They are satisfied with any crumbs that fall from the masters' table. A committee membership, a sub-chairmanship, anything will do! But are these women never going to demand that one of their number give a keynote speech, or even be nominated as a candidate?

Speaking of political conventions, we marvel that any man is willing to spend the time to prepare and the strength to deliver a keynote speech. Everybody says "bunk," and passes on!

We like to think of ourself as a sympathetic, tender-hearted creature. But we find one unfortunate specimen of humanity for whom we have not the slightest pity. We refer to the man who lost everything in the recent collapse of stocks in Wall Street. Toward this victim of the gambling delusion, who sought to get something for nothing and now has only *nothing,* our heart is stone, ice, adamant. Would that the wages of sin were always paid as promptly and as fully as in this case!

How delightful for Governor Smith that, at the very moment of his nomination for the presidency, investigations are showing his beloved Tammany Hall to be as rotten as ever!

The revolt of the farm states against Hoover will be just as substantial and dangerous to the Republicans as the revolt of the southern states against Smith will be substantial and dangerous to the Democrats. As a matter of fact, the much-tooted revolt will in both cases amount to just exactly nothing at all. The South votes regularly Democratic, as the middle and far West votes regularly Republican.

With this issue, "Jottings" goes away on its summer vacation. The Department will return—refreshed and reinvigorated, we devoutly hope—in the issue for October 1st next.

J. H. H.

Tolstoy

A Play in Seven Scenes

By Henry Bailey Stevens

SCENE III

A small room in the Tolstoy apartments in Money Lane, Moscow, 1882 (over a year later). At the right near a window overlooking the city are a cobbler's bench and appliances, and a little iron stove, heated by a kerosene lamp. Strips of leather, a shoemaker's apron, and some partly finished boots are about. At the right rear a door goes into the kitchen, and at the left rear a short flight of steps leads up into the dining room, which can be seen through a series of windows along the rear wall. Stools and old chairs, among them an easy one, furnish the room. A couch is at the left. The dining-room as seen through the windows has a sumptuous appearance of sparkling white and silver.

When the curtain goes up, the stage is dark. Tolstoy is lying on the couch sleeping. White figures come slowly across the room and past his couch as he dreams. First an old woman, carrying a washboard. TOLSTOY *(turning restlessly on his couch):* What a terrible odor! Is this No. 30? What is your name?

(The old woman mumbles something indistinctly.)

TOLSTOY: Marya Ivanovna. I have it. What is your occupation? A washwoman. Are you married?

WOMAN: My husband is dead. I have three children to support. They do not have enough to eat.

(A peasant in bast shoes hobbles forward with a cane.)

TOLSTOY: And who is this?

PEASANT: Martin Semenovitch. I have had nothing to eat all day.

TOLSTOY: Merciful God! What a wretched hole to live in.

(A lean young man with a ragged shirt and a visorless cap appears.)

TOLSTOY: I am taking the census. Your name, please.

YOUNG MAN: Peter Petrovich. *(He is trembling with a chill.)*

TOLSTOY: Poor fellow! You look cold. What do you do?

YOUNG MAN: Anything I can get. In Jesus' name, Master, tell me where I can find work.

TOLSTOY: How many more people live in this room?

(A long-legged old man with a wedge-shaped beard, wearing an overcoat with a rope girdle and bast shoes, follows. With him is a little boy dressed in ragged summer clothing. The boy is crying and trying to protect himself from the cold.)

OLD MAN *(tipsily):* Youshe haven't seen half of us yet.

LANDLORD *(stepping forward from the background —a better dressed heavy man):* Never mind him. He's drunk.

LITTLE BOY: Let me in by the fire, mister It's dreadfully cold.

TOLSTOY: Here. Have a glass of sbiten. *(The boy tries to drink from the glass, but he shakes so that he spills it over himself.)*

OLD MAN: Why don't you learn to drink, you little fool?

LITTLE BOY *(to Tolstoy):* Nobody has ever been so good to me before.

TOLSTOY: Here is a rouble to get something warm.

OLD MAN: I need money, too. *(At these words all of the people who have passed before rush back, saying:* "He gave the boy a rouble!" "Give us money, too." "We need money. We are starving.")

LANDLORD: Here, you. Get back. This gentleman is taking the census.

(The landlord pushes them back.)

TOLSTOY: Is this No. 31, Ivan Fedotych? Why is everything so filthy?

(A woman with a blouse open in front and a bold manner enters.)

TOLSTOY: Who are you?

WOMAN: I am a Moscow burgher woman.

TOLSTOY: What is your name?

WOMAN: What difference does it make?

TOLSTOY: What is your occupation? *(The woman laughs.)* How do you support yourself?

WOMAN: I sit in the restaurant.

TOLSTOY: What do you live by? *(The woman laughs.)*

LANDLORD: She is a prostitute. *(To the woman.)* What use is there in talking bosh? "I sit in a restaurant"! You sit in a restaurant! Say outright—"I am a prostitute." *(To Tolstoy.)* She does not know how to call herself.

TOLSTOY: Hush! It is not proper for us to put her to shame. If all of us lived in godly fashion, there would be none of them. Who is this one?

(An old, dishevelled woman, lean as a skeleton with torn waist, comes forward.)

LANDLORD: She is a lewd woman, but now nobody wants her, so she has no money to buy anything with. Step up, Agafya.

OLD WOMAN: What is the matter now?

TOLSTOY: Tell me, how do you live?

OLD WOMAN: I do not know. They are driving me out.

TOLSTOY: Is it true that you have had nothing to eat today?

OLD WOMAN: I have not had anything to eat yesterday or today.

TOLSTOY: Here is a rouble for you.

(At the words all of the people who have passed rush forward, saying: "He gave Agafya a rouble." "We need it as much as she does." "Give us all roubles." "Give me a rouble in Christ's name!" A policeman comes up.)

POLICEMAN: Here, you. Run along, or I'll arrest the whole lot of you.

TOLSTOY: What is the matter?

POLICEMAN: The authorities do not permit begging. *(He disperses them. They all vanish, but the voice comes back:* "Give me a rouble in Christ's name!")

TOLSTOY *(tossing feverishly):* Merciful God! Is there no end?

(He turns and sleeps more quietly. The room has been lighting up slightly. After a moment Serge enters, and going over to the window puts up the curtain. Daylight fills the room. He opens the window, letting in the sound of traffic and voices of peddlers. Serge

turns and seeing Tolstoy on the couch starts to tiptoe out.)

TOLSTOY *(awakening):* Is that you, Serge Petrovich?

SERGE: I beg your pardon, Your Excellency. I did not know you were here.

(Tolstoy sits up. He is dressed in peasant costume.)

TOLSTOY: I must have fallen asleep. I got up and dressed, intending to go to work early. But the evil habits of luxury fasten themselves to one like leeches. What is that man calling, Serge Petrovich?

SERGE: He is selling firewood in the street.

TOLSTOY: Close the window, will you, Serge? No, I will close it myself. *(He goes over and looks out for a moment, then pulls the window shut.)* Many people can shut out their thoughts as easily as that. What a hateful place of smells, stones, luxury, poverty and vice! *(Noticing that Serge is lighting the stove.)* You seem to have forgotten, Serge, I will attend to the fire. And I will look after my bedroom upstairs.

SERGE: I beg your pardon, Your Excellency.

TOLSTOY *(attending the stove):* Please do not embarrass me with titles, Serge Petrovich. I am only a man such as yourself.

SERGE: I beg your pardon, Leo Nikolayevich. I find it hard to forget.

TOLSTOY: This stove needs more oil. By the way, you might tell Pavel when you go out that I shall be ready directly.

(Tolstoy goes out with lamp at right. Countess Tolstoy comes down from dining-room at left.)

COUNTESS: I have been looking for you, Serge Petrovich. Please help Ustyusha give the children breakfast upstairs. See that the fires are going well. It is a cold day outside.

SERGE: Yes, your ladyship. Shall I do first an errand for Leo Nikolayevich?

COUNTESS: Serge Petrovich!

SERGE: I beg pardon, your ladyship. I mean, shall I do first an errand for His Excellency?

COUNTESS: We have to be more particular here in Moscow, Serge Petrovich. Yes, you may do the errand first. *(Leo enters with overcoat on his arm and cap in hand.)* Tell Nicholai as you go that we shall want dinner today for fifteen. I have ordered sturgeon and chops, and we will have chicken soup and blanc mange for dessert. He knows about the salad. *(Serge goes out at right.)* Leo, I do not think you had better go out today. It is too cold.

LEO *(pouting):* Oh, mama, I want to go out. You let Ilya and Tanya go.

COUNTESS: They have not gone out this morning.

LEO: No, because they haven't got up, that's why.

COUNTESS: Leo, you mustn't be saucy to mother. *(Masha comes in from right, coughing and licking her finger.)* Are you coughing, Masha? *(Masha coughs again.)*

MASHA: I want some King of Denmark drops, mama.

COUNTESS: Mother will get you some at once. *(She goes out at right.)*

LEO: You haven't got a cold any more than I have. You've been eating jam.

MASHA: How'd you know, Mr. Smarty?

LEO: I saw you licking your fingers. Nicholai gave you some. I'll tell mama on you.

MASHA: If you do, I'll tell her how you called Ustyusha bad names.

(COUNTESS *(returning with licorice drops):* Here, Masha! (*Gives her drops.*) Now, no more coughing!

LEO *(coughing):* I think I need some too, mama.

COUNTESS: Leo, you're putting that on. That's not nice.

LEO: I've got as much of a cold as she has.

MASHA: He hasn't, either.

COUNTESS: Well, you see why neither one of you should go out today, don't you? *(She smiles, realizing that she has the advantage here, and looking in at the dining-room starts counting on her fingers.)*

LEO *(at cobbler's bench):* Mama, will papa make me a pair of boots?

COUNTESS: Do not bother me now.

LEO: Mama, why does papa dress like a muzhik? *(She does not answer, but continues to reckon.)*

MASHA: Papa is a muzhik.

LEO: He is not.

MASHA: He is.

LEO: He is not. He's a count.

MASHA: Anyway, he's a working-man.

LEO: Huh! He don't need to work. He's got a bag full of roubles, 'cause I saw it. *(He plays at bench with tools.)*

COUNTESS: Stop your nonsense now, children.

LEO: Mama, why does papa eat oatmeal so much? *(She does not answer.)*

MASHA: Oh, mama, what's pudding today?

COUNTESS: Blanc mange, my dear.

MASHA: Oh, goody! *(After a moment.)* Mama, Leo's playing that he's papa.

COUNTESS: Leo!

LEO: Why does he, mama? Why does he eat oatmeal so much?

COUNTESS: How can I reckon when you keep asking questions? Yes, we shall need to put another leaf in the table. *(She goes out at left.)*

LEO: This is the way you do it.

MASHA: Let me do it.

LEO: You pound like this.

(Tolstoy enters with stove lamp which he has filled. The children go to watch him.)

LEO: Why don't you let Serge do it, papa?

TOLSTOY *(arranging stove):* Because it is good for us to do things for ourselves.

LEO: Papa, I can say my catechism now all by myself.

MASHA: I can say most of mine, too.

TOLSTOY: Hm-m! The catechism is not so important, children, as I once thought. Can you say the five rules that I taught you the other day?

MASHA: First, do not be angry.

LEO: Second, do not lust. What does "lust" mean, papa?

TOLSTOY: It is a great sin of grown-up men, my boy. I will discuss it with you a little later. Go on.

LEO: Do not swear, lest—lest—

TOLSTOY: Lest you give away the control of your future action.

LEO: Fourth, do not resist by violence.

MASHA: And fifth, love your enemies. Papa, ought I to love the girl who pushed me into the snow yesterday?

TOLSTOY: My little girl, do you want to work with me on a great experiment—greater even than building our own fires, and making our own shoes?

MASHA: Yes, papa.

TOLSTOY: And we will not be afraid if other children laugh at us, and do not understand at first?

MASHA: No, papa.

TOLSTOY: Then I say, that you ought to love that little girl particularly. Be kind to her. At first she will push you all the harder into the snow. Still be kind to her. Try to love her in your soul. Share your bread and jam with her.

MASHA: Mama says she is not very clean.

TOLSTOY: Then she is probably all the poorer, and so all the more hungry. Will you try it, even as I am trying it?

MASHA: Yes, papa.

LEO: Huh! If a boy pushed me in the snow, I'd lick him.

TOLSTOY: Then you should say a different set of rules, Leo. They would run something like this: I will be angry when I please. I will use violence whenever I am provoked. I will hate my enemies. And in time you will find that everybody else is your enemy, and you will hate everybody but yourself. And in the end, Leo, you will hate yourself. If you should follow that set of rules in your life, Leo, and Masha should follow the set that I have taught, you would have earned at the best only the fear of your fellows. Masha would have earned their love. Which do you think would be the better life?

Pavel, the cobbler, enters, a modest, black-bearded, serious man. (Leo is silent.) Well, you do not need to answer now. Think it over. We will call it a problem for tomorrow's lesson. Good morning, Pavel.

LEO: Oh, goody! The cobbler!

PAVEL: God be with you, Leo Nikolayevich! And you, too, children!

(They go over to the bench, Tolstoy puts on the leather apron, and the two men sit on stools at the bench, while the children watch eagerly.)

TOLSTOY: Let me see, now. We have learned how to splice the bristles. We split them at the thick end like this, and then splice them with the ends of the waxed thread.

PAVEL: Like this.

TOLSTOY: No, no. Let me see if I know it. Like this, is that not right?

PAVEL: That is right.

LEO: Let me try it, papa!

TOLSTOY: You can try it on this one, Leo. *(Leo attempts to splice some bristles. Masha follows hungrily each of her father's moves.)* Then you close the seams of the upper, joining the quarter to the vamp.

PAVEL: That is right.

TOLSTOY: Then you hammer the back into shape.

PAVEL: Do it this way, Leo Nikolayevitch.

TOLSTOY: Like this?

PAVEL: Yes.

TOLSTOY: And now we are to finish pinning on the out-soles. I hold the boot upside down between my knees, like this. I hold the wooden pegs in my hand and my mouth, like this. And I hammer them into the new red sole, like this. *(He starts hammering.)*

PAVEL: Allow me, Leo Nikolayevich. I'll do it.

TOLSTOY: No, no, I'll do it myself. You do your work, and I'll do mine! it's the only way to learn. *(They work, Tolstoy awkwardly but persistently.)*

LEO: Ouch! I hit my thumb!

PAVEL: That's too bad, Leo Leovich. We all do that when we learn.

LEO: Boo-hoo!

TOLSTOY: There, there, Leo! Don't cry.

LEO: It hurts.

TOLSTOY: Come here, and we'll put a little salve on it.

(He doctors it for the boy.)

LEO: I'm going to see if Ilya is up yet. I'll beat you, Masha. *(The two children run out at left. Through the windows from now on occasionally the servants can be seen arranging the dining-table.)*

SERGE *(entering):* Prince Obolensky has come, sir.

(Obolensky follows him in—a tall, handsome, hearty young man, dressed in the pink of fashion.)

TOLSTOY: Good morning, cousin. I am glad to see you.

OBOLENSKY: Why, Leo Nikolayevich, I hardly knew you. What does this mean?

TOLSTOY: It means that I am trying to do something useful. This is my friend Pavel, Prince Obolensky.

PAVEL: God be with you, Your Excellency.

OBOLENSKY *(ignoring Pavel):* Something useful! Really, Leo Nikolayevich, I hope you do not make light of the heights of achievement to which you have raised yourself. All Moscow is proud to have you with us. Everybody is singing your praises as the premier writer of Russia.

TOLSTOY: Not the people whom I have seen, Obolensky. They had never heard of me.

OBOLENSKY: And now I hear great news of your success abroad, of how all Europe is receiving Anna Karenina.

TOLSTOY: Anna Karenina! I am ashamed of it. Three years of usefulness I spoiled, and only to titillate the bosoms of the leisurely ladies of the European cities! I defiled my pen with it.

OBOLENSKY: Ah, but it shows life, Leo Nikolayevich!

TOLSTOY: Life! It shows how an officer fell in love with a married woman. What difficulty is there in that? There's no difficulty, and above all no good in it. I will tell you, Obolensky, I would rather be able to put on a good boot-heel than to write a hundred Anna Kareninas.

OBOLENSKY: Well, I would rather read your book than to wear your boots, Leo Nikolayevich.

TOLSTOY *(laughing):* That is a good one, Obolensky. Well, this is not such a bad boot, is it, Pavel?

PAVEL: I have seen worse, sir.

TOLSTOY: And most people, if you stop to think of it, take boots before they do books. I do not believe you would go barefoot to have your Anna Karenina!

OBOLENSKY: I will come around in five years and see if you still feel the same way, Leo Nikolayevich. I fancy these ideas will have worn out by that time as well as the boots.

TOLSTOY: Ah, do you think, then, that I have no imagination? You think that I cannot realize how the back can ache, how the thumbs get sore, how the smell of leather can pervade the whole existence of a fellow like Pavel here who has made boots all his life? You think I do not know drudgery. For shame! You say I am a great writer, and yet you believe that I have no imagination.

OBOLENSKY: At least I will grant you courage, Leo Nikolayevich.

TOLSTOY: Ah, I have been a coward for a long time before my thoughts, Obolensky. Even now I might have put off my action if I had not taken the census. You have no idea—

SERGE *(entering):* General Skobyleff's orderly is here, sir. The general is outside and sends greetings.

OBOLENSKY: General Skobyleff! The hero of Plevna!

SERGE: The General hopes for your friendship, sir.

OBOLENSKY: Ah, this is indeed success! Skobyleff is the idol of the hour.

TOLSTOY: He is not an idol that I can worship. Send this word to him, Serge Petrovich: that he already has my friendship in common with all other men, and that he can have my acquaintance if he will change his business.

OBOLENSKY: Why, Leo Nikolayevich! *(Serge goes out.)*

TOLSTOY: What would you? His business was to shed the blood of five thousand men. Do you know what that means? Five thousand lives snuffed out in their prime! Five thousand homes made desolate! In the stupid, sordid butchery that we call war! And he is proud of it! And the upper tenth tells the lower nine-tenths that they should cheer him. Well, I will not cheer him. If he wishes to see me, let him come with clean hands.

OBOLENSKY: You must have Tartar blood, Leo Nikolayevich.

TOLSTOY: As I was saying, Obolensky, I took the census. I went to Rzhanov House, and to Lyapin House. Tell me, have you ever been there?

OBOLENSKY: It is not exactly a section of the city that I frequent.

TOLSTOY: Ah, I will wager not. But you will never know Moscow unless you do. In one room forty people sleeping, men, women and children intermingled. The air full of vodka and impurities. Here, an old man dying of typhus. There a harlot covered with lice. Children, half-clad, shivering. Beggars feeding on liver and bread. They come to me in my dreams crying for roubles.

OBOLENSKY: I do not enjoy such sights.

TOLSTOY: You speak of them as if they were a theater. I tell you they are there, actually. If you do not recognize them, it is because like the ostrich you hide your head in the sand.

SERGE *(entering):* There is a strange man outside, who says his name is Syntayev.

TOLSTOY: Syntayev! Let him in at once. *(Serge goes out.)* I want you to meet him. He is a most remarkable man.

(He hurries out and reenters with Syntayev.)

TOLSTOY: My friend, I am rejoiced to see you. Come in. You must stop with us. I have a great deal to tell you. This is Prince Obolensky, Syntayev, and this Pavel, who is teaching me to be a useful citizen.

OBOLENSKY: *(attempting to hide his surprise):* Charmed to meet you, indeed!

TOLSTOY: Lay off your sheepskin, Syntayev. The room is getting warm at last.

SYNTAYEV: No, I will keep it on, I guess. *(He does remove his cap.)*

OBOLENSKY: Do you come from far, sir?

SYNTAYEV: I live near Tula.

TOLSTOY: He is one who is helping to cure me of the disease of luxury, Obolensky.

OBOLENSKY: Indeed! A most extraordinary physician, I am sure!

TOLSTOY: I can recommend him to you, cousin. Indeed, I have several relatives, Syntayev, who could profit from your instruction. But come let me show you how I can put on a sole.

OBOLENSKY: Yes, we are not sure whether Leo Nikolayevich is saving souls or spoiling them.

TOLSTOY: Look out, Obolensky. It is one of the symptoms of the disease of luxury that the patient makes a joke of serious things.

(Tolstoy starts cobbling again.)

SYNTAYEV: I know now where I can get my boots mended.

TOLSTOY: Yes, — and without charge. Look! Isn't that grand!

OBOLENSKY: It doesn't seem so very difficult.

TOLSTOY: Suppose you try it.

OBOLENSKY: That's agreed!

TOLSTOY *(getting up):* Very good! but on one condition: for every peg you drive in, I will pay you a rouble; for every one you break, you pay me ten copecks. Do you agree?

OBOLENSKY: By all means. I will deprive you of some of your troublesome luxury, Leo Nikolayevich.

TOLSTOY: Yes?

(Obolensky takes the boot, hammer and pegs, and tries. He breaks the first one. The others laugh.)

TOLSTOY: Ha, ha! Ten copecks.

OBOLENSKY: Wait, that is only the first one. *(He tries again and breaks it.)* Confound it!

TOLSTOY: You see it is not such a difficult business!

OBOLENSKY: Well, we will try again. *(Again he breaks it.)*

OBOLENSKY: Thirty copecks! *(Obolensky, excited, tries five more, one after the other, breaking each one. On the last one, he hits his thumb.)*

OBOLENSKY: Dammit!

PAVEL *(shaking with laughter):* Did you say he would be a good apprentice, Leo Nikolayevich?

SYNTAYEV: I think I had better not try it.

TOLSTOY: No, it is very easy. All you have to do is to hit like this! *(and he pretends that his thumb has been pounded.)*

OBOLENSKY: Well, you have the laugh on me, gentlemen.

(He counts out eighty copecks.) Here is the wager.

TOLSTOY: That belongs to Pavel. He is the master on this job.

OBOLENSKY: Here you are, my friend. *(Gives money to Pavel.)*

(Countess Tolstoy enters from left.)

PAVEL *(pocketing the money):* Thank you, sir.

TOLSTOY: This is my friend Syntayev, Sonya, of whom I told you. My wife.

COUNTESS: I am glad to see you.

SYNTAYEV: Thank you.

COUNTESS: Oh, Cousin!

OBOLENSKY: Sophie Andreevna!

COUNTESS: How is our cousin, Elizaveta Valerianovna?

OBOLENSKY: In the best of spirits. And you? And the children? Particularly the new baby?

COUNTESS: All well, thank you.

OBOLENSKY: Let me see. Alexsei Lvovich, am I not right?

COUNTESS: You do well to remember them all so well.

(Tolstoy and Syntayev are with cobbler at right, Countess and Obolensky at left.)

TOLSTOY: You see, Syntayev, you do like this.

OBOLENSKY: What a topsy-turvy house it is, Sonya! I have not yet got adjusted to the change.

COUNTESS: I do not wonder.

OBOLENSKY: What a strange fancy Leo Nikolayevich has taken! I hardly recognized him in his present costume. We are expecting such wonderful books from him, and now he tells me he is going to offer us boots. Is it all a joke, Sophie Andreevna?

COUNTESS: I hardly know what to tell you. He has been changing like this for several years, now.

OBOLENSKY: He refused to see General Skobyleff, and he greets—Syntayev—with open arms!

COUNTESS: I had hoped that it would all pass like an illness when we came to Moscow. Seryozha had to enter the university, you know, and Tanya will come out soon.

OBOLENSKY: Ah, she is a very charming young lady now, I understand.

COUNTESS: You must stay to dinner, Cousin, and meet them all. Prince Urusof is to be here, and Rubinstein and Danilyevsky, the novelist.

OBOLENSKY: That will be very charming, Sophie Andreevna. I accept with pleasure. But tell me, Leo Nikolayevich is not really giving up his writing, is he?

COUNTESS: Alas! He is writing some sort of religious discussion. He reads and thinks until his head aches, and all to show how incompatible the Church is with the Gospel teachings. Hardly ten people in Russia will be interested in it; but I can do nothing. I only hope he will make haste and finish it, so that he can pass on to something poetic again.

TOLSTOY: There now, it is actually finished. *(He holds up the boot proudly.)* We have done a good morning's work, Pavel. I think you need not stay any longer. *(He pulls on the boot and does a kind of dance around the room.)* See, Sonya! And you, Obolensky. When you can do a job like that, we will return you your eighty copecks, eh, Pavel?

OBOLENSKY: It is indeed wonderful.

TOLSTOY: Tomorrow at nine, Pavel! We must thoroughly master this art.

PAVEL: Very well, sir. *(He goes out at right.)*

COUNTESS: You are a big boy, Leo Nikolayevich. *(To Obolensky.)* At any rate, I am glad to see him happy again.

SERGE *(entering):* There is a captain of gendarmes below from Prince Dolgoruky.

TOLSTOY: Bring him up at once. *(Serge goes out.)*

COUNTESS: A captain of gendarmes! What can this mean?

OBOLENSKY: From the Governor-General of Moscow!

(Schneidermann enters in official military costume.)

SCHNEIDERMANN: Have I the honor of addressing His Excellency, Count Tolstoy?

TOLSTOY: I am he.

SCHNEIDERMANN: Prince Dolgoruky, Governor-General of Moscow, sends greetings. He wishes to know whether there is a peasant of Tula here by the name of Syntayev?

TOLSTOY: I do not consider that that is any of Prince Dolgoruky's business.

COUNTESS: Do not offend him, Leo Nikolayevich.

SNYTAYEV: I can answer his question. I am Syntayev, the peasant.

SCHNEIDERMANN: He wishes to inquire somewhat particularly as to what business the said Syntayev has in Moscow?

TOLSTOY: Tell him that I consider this an insult. If he wishes to know, let him come himself and find out.

SCHNEIDERMANN *(Suavely):* He does not mean it as an insult, Your Excellency. He means it only as a precautionary measure, begging your pardon. There have been many plots of late against the safety of the realm, and Prince Dolgoruky, not being familiar with the plans and opinions of the said Syntayev, wishes to be ac—

TOLSTOY: And it has come to this!

SCHEIDERMANN: —wishes to be acquainted with them more particularly.

SNYTAYEV: I have nothing to conceal, I hope. I will—

TOLSTOY: Stop! This is insufferable! Is there no limit to the prying, officious fingers of the government? Do they have nothing better to do with their time than to trace imaginary plots to my house? When people are perishing from hunger, from cold, from sickness, why do they not attempt to inquire into that? Have they so much as winked an eyelash to indicate that they even knew of such things? And yet, if a person like Syntayev attempts to lead a truly Christian life, the Government must inquire "more particularly" as to his whereabouts. Here! *(opening the door.)* Go this way! Go back to Dolgoruky and tell him what I have said! But whatever you do, hurry! Go!

SCHNEIDERMANN: Very well, sir. I will deliver your message.

TOLSTOY: Go! I implore you! Go! *(Schneidermann goes.)* If I am a count, I will for once take advantage of my position. *(He slams the door after Schneidermann.)*

COUNTESS: Why, Leo Nikolayevich! You have lost your temper.

TOLSTOY *(his manner changing):* It is true. *(Groaning.)* I am angry. Woe is me! I have broken the commandment. I might have said all that I wished without such passion. It is as you said, Syntayev. It is not easy for a man who has been spoiled with pride and position and riches to become a Christian.

SNYTAYEV: I will go away now. It will be best.

TOLSTOY: No, do not go. I beg of you.

SYNTAYEV: I know that my presence here will embarrass you further.

TOLSTOY: Syntayev, you must not go. Would you desert me? Sonya, urge him to stay.

COUNTESS: After all, Leo Nikolayevich, if he— *(but seeing her husband's face, she changes)*—but really, sir, you must stay to dinner at least.

SYNTAYEV *(glancing at the dining-room):* You must know, my friends, I am hardly used to such an affair.

OBOLENSKY *(making a wry face):* Yes, we are counting on learning more about these famous opinions.

TOLSTOY: Syntayev shall stay to dinner, and long afterwards. He shall make us a visit, if he can put up with our luxurious ways. You will hear, cousin,

as Someone else once said, how difficult it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God.

OBOLENSKY: Oh, I don't know. Most of us get along pretty well.

TOLSTOY: You think so? Ah, you do not dare to think, Obolensky. Tonight we shall have a dinner. There will be at least five courses, each of them arranged to tempt the appetite to eat more than is necessary. The table will be spread in what is called the best of taste. The dinner will have been cooked by a specialist. It will be served by two men servants with white gloves. The guests will arrive luxuriously in carriages. They will wear expensive clothing. Not a woman's gown will have cost less than 150 roubles. Everything will be comme il faut. And all the time outside, down there *(pointing out the window)* homeless people will be walking the street—old men in torn rags, women ready to sell their decency for a meal, children—My God! the children!—Tell me, if you were to sit down to a full meal, while opposite you sat a man in that corner who had not eaten for three days, could you enjoy your food? No, when you saw the poor wretch's mouth watering and eyes begging you would have to share it with him. But in there *(pointing to the dining-room)* you can eat alone, and it does not bother you. It does not bother you—unless you dare to think. Yes, Syntayev, tonight you shall see me in the midst of my shame. In the meantime, come this way. *(He goes out at right with Syntayev.)*

COUNTESS *(calling at left)*: Serge, Serge Petrovich!

SERGE *(appearing at left)*: Did you call, madame?

COUNTESS: Tell Nicholai to set two more places for dinner tonight.

(Curtain.)

[Scene IV next issue.]

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyright, 1928)

PART IV—CHAPTERS XLI AND XLII

Gökhale's Charity

I have already referred to the attack of pleurisy I had in England. Gokhale returned to London soon after. Kallenbach and I used regularly to go to him. Our talks were mostly about the War, and as Kallenbach had the geography of Germany at his finger tips, and had traveled much in Europe, he used to show him on the map the various places in connection with the War.

When I had pleurisy this also became a topic of daily discussion. My dietetic experiments were going on even then. My diet consisted, among other things, of groundnuts, ripe and unripe bananas, lemon, olive oil, tomatoes, and grapes. I completely eschewed milk, cereals, pulses, etc.

Dr. Jivraj Mehta treated me. He pressed me hard to resume milk and cereals, but I was obdurate. The matter reached Gokhale's ears. He had not much regard for my reasoning in favor of a fruitarian diet, and he wanted me to take whatever the doctor prescribed for my health.

It was no easy thing for me not to yield to Gokhale's pressure. When he would not take a refusal, I begged him to give me twenty-four hours for thinking over the question. As Kallenbach and I returned home that evening, we discussed where my duty lay. He had been with me in my experiment. He liked it, but I saw that he was agreeable to my giving it up if my health demanded it. So I had to decide for myself according to the dictates of the inner voice.

I spent the whole night thinking over the matter. To give up the experiment would mean renouncing all my ideas in that direction, and yet I found no flaw in them. The question was how far I should yield to Gokhale's loving pressure, and how far I might modify my experiment in the so-called interests of health. I finally decided to adhere to the experiment in so far as the motive behind was chiefly religious, and to yield to the doctor's advice where the motive was mixed. Religious considerations had been predominant in the giving up of milk. I had before me a picture of the wicked processes the *gowalas* in Calcutta adopted to extract the last drop of milk from their cows and buffaloes. I also had the feeling that just as meat was not man's food, even so animal's milk could not be man's food. So I got up in the morning with the determination to adhere to my resolve to abstain from milk. This greatly relieved me. I dreaded to approach Gokhale, but I trusted him to respect my decision.

In the evening Kallenbach and I called on Gokhale at the National Liberal Club. The first question he asked me was: "Well, have you decided to accept the doctor's advice?"

I gently but firmly replied: "I am willing to yield on all points except one about which I beg you not to press me. I will not take milk, milk-products or meat. If not to take these things should mean my death, I feel I had better face it."

"Is this your final decision?" asked Gokhale.

"I am afraid I cannot decide otherwise," said I. "I know that my decision will pain you, but I beg your forgiveness."

With a certain amount of pain but with deep affection Gokhale said: "I do not approve of your decision. I do not see any religion in it. But I won't press you any more." With these words he turned to Dr. Jivraj Mehta and said: "Please don't worry him any more. Prescribe anything you like within the limit he has set for himself."

The doctor expressed dissent but was helpless. He advised me take *mung*-soup, with a dash of asafetida in it. To this I agreed. I took it for a day or two, but it increased my pain. As I did not find it suitable, I went back to fruits and nuts. The doctor of course went on with his external treatment. The latter somewhat relieved my pain, but my restrictions were to him a sore handicap.

Meanwhile Gokhale left for home, as he could not stand the October fogs of London.

Treatment of Pleurisy

The persistence of the pleurisy caused some anxiety, but I knew that the cure lay not in taking medicine

internally but in dietetic changes assisted by external remedies.

I called in Dr. Allinson, of vegetarian fame, who treated diseases by dietetic modifications and whom I had met in 1890. He thoroughly overhauled me. I explained to him how I had pledged myself not to take milk. He cheered me up and said: "You need not take milk. In fact I want you to do without any fat for some days." He then advised me to live on plain brown bread, raw vegetables such as beets, radish, onion and other tubers and greens, and also fresh fruit, mainly oranges. The vegetables were not to be cooked but merely grated fine, if I could not masticate them.

I adopted this for about three days, but raw vegetables did not quite suit me. My body was not in a condition to enable me to do full justice to the experiment. I was nervous about taking raw vegetables.

Dr. Allinson also advised me to keep all the windows of my room open for the whole twenty-four hours, bathe in tepid water, have an oil massage on the affected parts and a walk in the open for fifteen to thirty minutes. I liked all these suggestions.

My room had French windows which if kept wide open would let in the rain. The fanlight could not be opened. I therefore got the glass broken, so as to let in fresh air and I partially opened the windows in a manner not to let in rain.

All these measures somewhat improved my health, but did not completely cure me.

Lady Cecilia Roberts occasionally called on me. We became friends. She wanted very much to persuade me to take milk. But as I was unyielding, she hunted about for a substitute for milk. Some friend suggested to her malted milk, assuring her quite unknowingly that it was absolutely free from milk, and that it was a chemical preparation with all the properties of milk. Lady Cecilia, I knew, had a great regard for my religious scruples, and so I implicitly trusted her. I dissolved the powder in water and took it only to find that it tasted just like milk. I read the label on the bottle, to find only too late that it was a preparation of milk. So I gave it up.

I informed Lady Cecilia about the discovery, asking her not to worry over it. She came post haste to me to say how sorry she was. Her friend had not read the label at all. I begged her not to be anxious and expressed my regret that I could not avail myself of the thing she had procured with so much trouble. I also assured her that I did not at all feel upset or guilty over having taken milk under a misapprehension.

I must skip over many other sweet reminiscences of my contact with Lady Cecilia. I could think of many friends who have been a source of great comfort to me in the midst of trials and disappointments. One who has faith reads in them the merciful providence of God who thus sweetens sorrow itself.

Dr. Allinson, when he next called, relaxed his restrictions and permitted me to have groundnut butter or olive oil for the sake of fat, and to take the vegetables, cooked if I chose, with rice. These changes were quite welcome, but they were far from giving me a complete cure. Very careful nursing was still necessary and I was obliged to keep mostly in bed.

Dr. Mehta occasionally looked in to examine me, and held out a standing offer to cure me if I would only listen to his advice.

Whilst things were going on in this way, Mr. Roberts one day came to see me and urged me very strongly to go home. "You cannot possibly go to Netley in this condition. There is still severer cold ahead of us. I would strongly advise you to get back to India for it is only there that you can be completely cured. If, after your recovery, you should find the War still going on, you will have many opportunities there of rendering help. As it is, I do not regard what you have already done as by any means a mean contribution."

I accepted his advice and began to make preparations for returning to India.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Correspondence

Snobbery at Clark University

Editor of UNITY:

It seems almost incredible that the trustees of Clark University, after meditating for a month on the petition of the students for redress of grievances in connection with the action of the president about their monthly magazine, should dismiss the matter in the way they do. The secretary of the trustees, in his curt letter, refers to the petition as that of "some students" of the university. The petition, as is well known, was signed by a majority of the student body. In declining to act on the petition, the trustees characterize the president's action on the controversy as a case of "discipline" and observe that "discipline lies with the president and the faculty, in whom we have entire confidence." They clearly found themselves in a very embarrassing position, shrank from stirring the muddy pools more deeply, and concluded that the least said the soonest mended.

Is this an adequate or creditable way of shelving this now notorious trouble? Does it show a decent respect to the opinion of mankind? Do older scholars and the press do their duty if they allow the fine young fellows at Clark University to be treated in this cavalier fashion without protest or more light? Do the members of the faculty, whom the trustees in their decision associate with the president in responsibility in the "disciplinary" action taken, unanimously and without exceptions accept the position assigned them? To simple souls, this seems remarkable.

Recalling the controversy as succinctly as the trustees dismiss it, the facts seem to be these: the president of the university surreptiously secured from the printers the proofs of the students' magazine, a thing itself impossible to conceive a man like President Lowell of Harvard or President Butler of Columbia doing. He came upon proofs of an article which went against his stomach; and he dismissed the three editors who controlled the magazine. It immediately appeared that both the managing editor and the writer of the offending article had themselves decided against its publication as not in good taste; and the other two editors had never seen the article nor known of its existence. Yet the ban was not withdrawn from them. Three of their fellow students, men of high standing in their classes, incensed at the injustice, promptly resigned from the university by way of protest; and the majority of the student body expressed their sympathy by signing a petition to the trustees asking them to review the situation and do justice to the students. If this is not a true statement of the facts, it is incumbent on the faculty of the university, whom the trustees now associate with the president in responsibility for his course, to tell the public

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

IMPRESSIONS OF THE BOMBAY INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP RETREAT AT VERSOVA, JANUARY 20-22 1928

The Bombay International Fellowship met for its fourth annual "Retreat" from January 20th to 22nd. The meeting place was Mr. Rustomji Kavarana's delightful bungalow at Versova, already dear to many, with happy memories of last year and indeed few spots could be more ideal for such a gathering. The bungalow is large and convenient and the surroundings full of rest and refreshment. We have carried away bright images of that week-end; the bay in the early morning when the rising sun just caught the sails of the fishing boats; dazzling glimpses of sea and sand caught from the veranda during the afternoon meetings; and, certainly not least, the evening of Saturday when we played new games and sang old songs beneath the palms and the star-strewn sky. For games and songs were a very important part of our program, the end of which was fellowship; and fellowship comes perhaps most easily in the common life, the common enjoyments, the common meals.

But the end of the International Fellowship is not only friendly intercourse; it is to be a sharing of all that is deepest in mind and heart. We had hard work to do, though our visitor from Madras seemed to think it was scarcely hard enough. The subject to be considered was International Relationships with special reference to South and East Africa. For these meetings we had the invaluable help of Mr. C. F. Andrews whose intimate knowledge of the country, whose clear thinking and personal devotion to the cause united to make him the ideal leader. With astonishing clearness he presented to us the facts which, so far as most of us had known them before, had seemed so bewildering. We traveled with him to South Africa and thought ourselves back to the early days of Dutch and English occupation; we followed the Bantu victories and the present Bantu humiliation and we feared and hoped for our countrymen overseas, as we heard of the temptations besetting the Gujerat trader and the pluck of the Tamil agriculturist. In East Africa we were brought face to face with the uncompromising attitude of the British settlers in Kenya where racial franchise is already determined upon, and with the uncertain situation in Uganda and Tanganyika. Since the white men can scarcely live in Northern Uganda because of the devastating blackwater fever, the Indian is more and more likely to "overflow" to Uganda and eventually to hold the cotton trade in his hands. But the immediate question now is that of the franchise and whether Uganda and Tanganyika will follow the example of Southern Rhodesia and the Cape in demanding the "Rhodes Franchise" based on an educational test, or that of Kenya and the Transvaal in insisting upon a communal franchise roll based on racial distinctions. Each meeting was followed by eager questions and on Sunday the discussion widened to deal with the world-wide problems of Union Immigration laws and inter-racial marriage. The discussion on the latter was particularly good, frank, general and well-directed. We were specially grateful to a friend who gave us his personal experiences and to Mr. Andrews who told us the story of his imaginary daughter's imaginary love-match with Mahatma Gandhi's son—a story which proved Mahatmaji to be on this point an uncompromising nationalist.

Fellowship, say our leaders, is not to end with mere enjoyment; nor even with united intellectual effort. Complete understanding is a fruit of the spirit and our Fellowship is to be religious at heart. In looking back to the report of the first Retreat at Juhu, I find that the writer of impressions that year expresses some doubt as to the possibility of perfect unity in worship among people of different faiths. I too, have felt that doubt and Miss Van Doren, in her delightful report of the conference at Sabarmathi spoke of how many had realized the difficulty there.

Mr. A. A. Paul told us, however, of the valuable inter-religious conference which had been held among students of three religions in Madras and Prof. Wadia, whose evening address if not "inspirational" was certainly inspiring, led us a step further. We learned from him anew how important it was to "judge not that we be not judged."

Nor, in practice, did we have to fall back on the somewhat unhelpful theory that religion is purely personal and therefore no two people can ever expect to think alike. Rather after our united devotions we felt that however different religions may be there is an element which is common to all since God is one and men are "Under Heaven, One Family." For just as in spite of the difference in language between our Sanskrit, Arabic and English prayers there was an element in all which appealed to even the least learned among us, so the difference in the rites which we were accustomed did not divide us in that hour of prayer. Was it possibly, for this reason that Mr. Andrews in leading the worship of a group in which at least seven different faiths were represented, chose to read the passage, the great muster-roll of heroes, in which faith is interpreted, not as asset to a creed, but as the trust of adventurers, "the realization of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen?" Since any record of experience may be of use in considering this all-important basis of the Fellowship, may I state simply that I, at least, felt at one with my fellow-worshippers while we prayed? This fact surely does not prove that all religious ideas are of equal value, nor absolve us from the difficulty of trying to pass on to others such vision of the highest as may be ours. How much faith would any of us have left, if we had never been influenced by others?

Religion grows by being shared. But such movements fill us with thankfulness and hope in the joy of

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wherein the reports so widely published in the press are wrong.

No one surely would wish to do injustice to the president and faculty of this honored university, to which Dr. G. Stanley Hall gave world-wide renown as a seat of academic freedom. But equally no red-blooded person can condone the treatment of an American student body such as the students of Clark University, if the public has been rightly informed, appear to have been treated. The recent letter of the secretary of the trustees seems to plain people on the basis of the facts given them, the worst piece of snobbery in the whole business. There have been others. One apologist for the president, a graduate student who sports an "LL.B." after his name reproached the spokesmen of the protesting students, in a letter to the Boston *Transcript* for objecting to the president's course as "un-American." What business, asked this LL.B. have these young men to talk of Americanism, when half of them have foreign names? This particular "100 percenter" might profitably devote a few hours in his summer holiday to compiling a list of a hundred citizens with "un-American" names, from Peter Faneuil and Albert Gallatin to Carl Schurz and Theodore Roosevelt, who have rendered the country patriotic service which we are not yet ready to despise.

It will be remembered that half a dozen years ago the president of the Clark University, finding a group of students in one of the halls listening to a lecture on socialism by an accomplished scholar whom they had invited to inform them about the principles and aims of that movement, ordered the young chairman to adjourn the meeting; and when the student properly refused to do it, he himself turned off the lights, breaking up the meeting. He didn't like socialism, and would have none of it. Perhaps the president of Harvard does not like socialism; but he would only applaud any student group seeking to learn about it from a scholarly specialist in a proper way. At Clark, three or four professors resigned from their place on the faculty in indignant protest. At the present grosser performance we hear of no faculty protest, although the protesting students state that certain members of the faculty have assured them of their sympathy. Has the faculty in these half dozen years grown pusillanimous? or is the public, after all the notoriety, still uninformed as to the real facts? On the basis of the published facts, the university officials certainly have no case.

BRADLEY STONE.

Boston, Mass.

which we pass on towards the perfect union which awaits the children of God.

—*Joan Elliot.*

Bombay.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Bloch Publishing Co., "The Jewish Book Concern," New York.
Justice and Judaism in the Light of Today.—By Rabbi Maxwell Silver.

The Beacon Press, Boston.
"Prayers."—By Samuel McChord Crothers.
"Roumania—Ten Years After." By a deputation from the American Commission on the Rights of Religious Minorities.

The Dial Press, Lincoln MacVeagh, New York.
The Misbehaviorists.—By Harvey Wickham.
The Catholic Spirit in America.—By George N. Shuster.

The Fellowship Forum, Washington, D. C.
Proof of Rome's Political Meddling in America.

Four Seas Company, Boston.
The Last Enigma—A Philosophical Poem.—By Henry Frank.

Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York.
The Inquiring Mind.—By Zechariah Chaffee, Jr.

Independent Labor Party, London.
The Heart of Socialism.—By Henry S. Salt, with preface by Lord Olivier.

Independent Education, New York.
Education for Tolerance.—By John E. J. Fanshawe.

Macmillan (The) Company, New York.
Modern Democracies.—By James Brice.
Symbolism.—By Alfred North Whitehead.
Studies in Deceit.—By Hugh Hartshorne and Mark A. Way.

Mennonite Publishing Co., Scottdale, Pa.
The Principle of Nonresistance as Held by the Mennonite Church. A Historical Survey.—By John Horsch.
Symposium on War.—Compiled by John Horsch.

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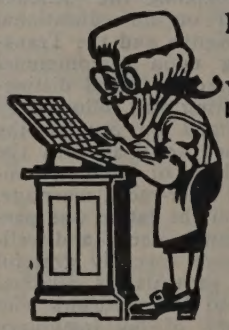
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University of Chicago Press, Chicago.
Current Christian Thinking.—By Gerald Berney Smith.
Religious Education.—By Theodore Gerald Soares.

Vanguard Press Inc., New York.
The Remedy for Overproduction and Unemployment.—By Hugo Bilgrim.

Willett, Clark & Colby, Chicago.
Shoddy.—By Dan Brummitt.
Community Churches.—By David R. Piper.
Quotable Poems.—Compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark and Esther A. Gillespie.

Williams, Rev. William A., D. D., Galion, Ohio.
The Evolution of Man Scientifically Disproved.—By William A. Williams.

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The Viking Press, Inc., New York.
The Poet of Galilee.—By William Ellery Leonard.

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